

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE, BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1825.

[NUMBER 61.]

## THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

"Age is the heaviest burden man can bear—  
Compound of disappointment, pain and care;  
For when the mind's experience comes at length,  
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength."

OLD POET.

The down-hill of life is a dark, dismal road,  
Unless the lone heart has a hope in the Lord.  
Our youthful companions are dropping away:  
We feel the effects of a constant decay.  
What then can support—but a trust in that Power,  
Which guided and guarded us every hour?  
His Power, only, can prove a sure prop,  
When bending to earth, we are ready to drop.  
Old age is a burden; none bear with good grace,  
But those who are travelling to Heaven's high place.  
The sincere, humble Christian may gently move down,  
While his eyes are intent on his heavenly crown.

## THE BIBLE.

The Bible is equally adapted to the wants and infirmities of every human being. It is the vehicle of the most awful truths, which are at the same time of universal application and accompanied by the most efficacious sanctions. No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically, to the judgment and moral sense of mankind. It contains the most sublime and fearful displays of the attributes of that perfect Being who "inhabited eternity," and pervades and governs the universe. It brings life and immortality to light, which until the publication of the Gospel, were hid from the scrutiny of ages. This gracious revelation of a future state is calculated to solve the mysteries of Providence in the dispensations of this life, to reconcile us to the inequalities of our present condition, and to inspire unconquerable fortitude and the most animating consolation, when all other consolations fail, in the midst of the abodes of age, disease and sorrow, and under the pressure of the sharpest pangs of human misery. The Bible also unfolds the origin and deep foundation of depravity and guilt, and the hopes of salvation through the mediation of the Redeemer. Its doctrines, its discoveries, its code of morals and its means of grace, are not only overwhelming evidence of its divine origin, but they confound the pretensions of all other systems, by showing the narrow range and the feeble efforts of human reason, even when under the sway of the most exalted understanding, and enlightened by the accumulated treasures of science and learning.

The Scriptures, resplendent with these truths, we have good grounds to believe, are to be brought home to the knowledge and acceptance of every people, and to carry with them the inestimable blessings of peace, humanity, purity and happiness over every part of the habitable globe.

The general diffusion of the Bible is the most effectual way to civilize and humanize mankind; to purify and exalt the general system of public morals; to give efficacy to the just precepts of international and municipal law; to enforce the observance of prudence, temperance, justice and fortitude, and to improve all the relations of social and domestic life.

It is well known, that there exists a system of moral duties which are considered to be of imperfect obligation, because they are not within the cognizance of human laws. Such, among others, are the duties of charity, benevolence, gratitude, and domestic affections, truth, fidelity, and the love of our neighbor. These are necessarily left by human lawgivers in a great degree to the government of conscience. But the Bible takes notice of all such duties. It most pointedly condemns every species of cruelty, unkindness, uncharitableness, selfishness and hardness of heart, and it comes in aid of the civil law by the universality and the precision of its commands, and by the energy and severity of its denunciations.

Human laws labor under many other great imperfections. They extend to external actions only. They cannot reach the catalogue of crimes, which are committed without any witness, save the all-seeing eye of that Being whose presence is every where, and whose laws reach the hidden recesses of vice, and carry their sanctions to the thoughts and intents of the heart. In this view the doctrines of the Bible supply all the deficiencies of human laws, and lend an essential aid to the administration of justice.

From the New-Hampshire Spectator.

"Swear not at all; but let your communications be yea, yea, nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil."

Such are the commands of "Him who spake as never man spake;" But alas! how little regard is paid to his divine injunctions. The habit of profane swearing prevails to an alarming degree, and seems to have become so fashionable that it almost ceases to be looked upon as a crime. Listen for a moment to our children, as they pursue their sports and recreations in the streets or fields, and you will find that the most shocking oaths are in their mouths, "familiar as household words;" and we must conclude that their parents look upon such things as no crimes, or they would teach them better. The young master may perhaps think, (as he sees those who are slaves to it in many instances stand high in the opinion of their fellow men,) that it is a mark of courage,

or of a gentleman; but believe me, my young friends, this opinion is far from being correct. On the contrary, there is no greater mark of a coward and a rascal, than habitual profanity. Of how little weight must that man consider his word to be, in the opinion of others, who thinks it necessary to confirm even the most trivial assertion with an oath; and how little regard must that professed disciple of Him who has said "Swear not at all," have for his divine precepts, when he indulges in this base practice, and uses the name of the Great Jehovah with lightness and contempt. The perpetrator of almost every other crime has some shadow of excuse for his conduct. The thief will plead that he is dying with hunger—the highwayman, that his wife and children are famishing for want of that subsistence which he can procure in no other way—and the slanderer may expect some benefit to accrue to himself by detracting from the good repute of his neighbor; but he that takes the name of the Lord his God in vain must be speechless before God and his own conscience, and have nothing to plead but the depravity of human nature and the natural love of sin and evil.

Is this practice confined to youth, to middle age, or to the man in health? Far from it. We often hear the wretch on whom the unrelenting hand of fell disease is fastened with a force that must soon prove fatal, or the man of fourscore whose bleached locks and tottering steps proclaim that the grave is nigh, invoking fearful imprecations on themselves and fellow-creatures; or uttering horrid blasphemies against that God before whom they must expect daily and hourly to appear.

The almost universal prevalence of this evil indicates a lamentable want of that divine principle of morality and religion which ought to pervade society, and calls loudly on all lovers of piety and good order to unite in using their utmost endeavors to check the growth and spread of a practice alike derogatory to the profession of Christianity and the dignity of man.—Parents! take heed to these things! A fearful responsibility rests upon you in the training up of your children, and if you neglect your duty in teaching them to shun the paths of vice and immorality you must expect their lives will be a scene of disgrace, their deaths of despair, and at the day of final retribution you must answer to Him who placed you in authority, for the manner in which you have fulfilled your trust, and their blood will be required at your hands.

EZEKIEL.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Auburn Free Press.

### THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

A few years since business of a mercantile nature called me to Boston, the metropolis of New-England. There is an air of quiet neatness, and unostentatious elegance in this place, which I have never seen in any other place of such extensive wealth, and prosperous trade.—New-York may, without condemnation be proud of her hundred spires—the thousand flags in her harbor—the immensity of her commerce—the revenue she pays to the treasury of the nation—and the just title of the "London of America;" yet, although not prejudiced in favor of what are termed "Boston notions," I should prefer a residence in that city to any I have ever visited. Elegant retirement—friendly hospitality—unassuming benevolence—and literary taste and refinement, exist in their most fascinating forms, and the state of society is evidently considerably in advance of any other place on the continent. In regulating my affairs, it became necessary to call frequently at the house of Mr. M——, a person who combined all the qualities that constitute the gentleman. I frequently dined with him and his family, which consisted only of his wife, one of the most charming and lovely women I have ever seen, and three fresh, blooming and beautiful children, the culture of whose budding, promising powers, formed their chief and most delightful recreation. There was an ease and familiarity which can exist only in the most cultivated minds—a frankness which can only be the result of confidence, and a harmony and sympathy in our sentiments which endeared them to me, and I do not recollect an acquaintance in any family that appeared to enjoy such unalloyed happiness. On one of these visits I observed on the table a plate of most delicious Strawberries, which were the first I had that season seen, and made a remark to that effect.

"These berries," said Mr. M——, "are my peculiar favorites," as he significantly put his finger to the centre of his forehead, where on its broad and smooth surface I had often noticed a small, red protuberance, not widely differing in appearance from the fine fruit before us.

"Your predilection," answered I, smiling, "is sufficiently accounted for, but it must have been a fortunate hit indeed, which placed it on the spot where it is so plainly discernible."

"It was not altogether accident," he replied, "I have often heard my mother relate the circumstances: I was their oldest child; but a short time before I was born, my father and mother walked into the field where there was an abundance of Strawberries, and while my mother seated herself on a mossy bank in the shade

of a wide-spreading ash, my father had selected a number of stems of the finest fruit, and throwing himself by her side, tossed them into her lap. They were just what she wished, and while eating them, a large and beautifully red one attracted her notice.

"See what a delicious Strawberry I have found," said she, holding it up by the stem to my father.

"That, my dear, is mine," he replied, playfully snatching it from her and putting it in his own mouth. A slight flush passed over her countenance, as she endeavored in vain to recover it.

"I will mark my child with that Strawberry," said she, laughing, as he spoke, and placed the tip of her white finger on the centre of her forehead,—the Berry was fixed, but it was the most fortunate moment of my existence, for to that Strawberry, I owe all my happiness!"

A look which denoted a deep feeling of mutual satisfaction, of happiness which could not be mistaken, passed between Mr. M—— and his wife, and the deep blush which accompanied it; excited my curiosity to obtain an explanation of the hint thrown out. Accordingly, when, after dinner, we were seated in the counting-room, I made known my wishes without reserve.

"I shall willingly gratify you," he replied, "for I love to recall the incidents to my imagination. You have seen Mrs. M——; you admire her—I adore her; for she is the same fond, confiding, affectionate creature as when first I became acquainted with her, and it was to the happiness I receive from her society and friendship, that I alluded. She is indeed a treasure; and an accident singular enough threw her into my possession. I was seventeen years of age, possessed as I supposed, of every thing that could make a person happy; health, wealth, friends were mine, and I lived, caressed, and admired. Although in the almost daily habit of meeting with some of the first young ladies of the city, I had seen them come and go without any impression being made upon my heart, or a single wish excited to call them mine. I loved their company, I admired their beauty and grace, and was never more happy than when in the society of the lovely and the gay. One fine morning I was in my father's store, chatting and laughing with a young gentleman on the common fashionable topics of the day, when he turned to leave the store, I heard him address some person in the street with—'Young woman do you wish to sell those Strawberries?'"

"I do," was the answer.

"Then walk in."

"Edmond," said he, as he again entered the store, "I send all the Strawberries I can find to you," playfully placing his finger on his forehead.

"But before I had time to answer he was called, and hastily left the store. I was glad he did, for when I cast my eyes on the person he had thus introduced, I felt such a crowd of indescribable sensations pressing upon me at once, that I was confused in the extreme, and had any one been present, I am certain I should have appeared bordering on the ridiculous. I believe the lovely girl saw it, for she colored as deeply as the fine Berries she carried in her basket. I stammered something about the beauty of the morning, and then handed her a chair. She sat down, and I ventured to look at her again. She was dressed perfectly plain, but scrupulously neat, and her fine figure, though evidently undesigned, was by her dress, exhibited in the most bewitching manner. I would attempt to describe her, but you have seen her, and it is needless. She was about fourteen, and the thought involuntarily forced itself upon my mind, "if such the bud, what will be the flower."—There was a modest, unassuming manner about her, which made it evident she was unused to the business she had undertaken. The Strawberries were as neat in their appearance as she herself; and when she inquired whether I wished for them, there was a silver-toned sweetness in her voice which charmed me.

"Have you often brought Strawberries to the city?" I inquired.

"Never before," she answered; "my aunt, with whom I live, was unwell; she is poor; she wished for a cordial, and without the means of obtaining these things, I could not bear to see her suffer, but obtained her leave to make the attempt of relieving her wants in this manner;—and you will oblige me by letting me return to my aunt's as soon as possible."

"I returned her the basket, and put a five dollar bill in her hand—she looked at me with surprise.

"I cannot take it," said the lovely girl; "what would my aunt say? I must not forfeit her good opinion," and she placed the money on the counter.

"You will keep the money," I replied, "tell your aunt it is a present from a friend, and assure her she shall be provided for."

"She hesitated, but took the money with an expression of gratitude on her countenance, that made her appear more lovely than ever."

"When she retired, I watched her sylph-like and beautiful form as it receded from my view, with an emotion entirely new, but which will never be forgotten. I had learned her place of residence, and a few days after, under pretence

of a morning's ride, I took Miss Emerson, a young lady who was an intimate friend of mine, into the carriage, and visited the spot where the person who had so much interested me lived.

"It was a delightful retreat—embosomed in trees; and so numerous were the flowers and blossoms around the humble cottage, that the very air breathed of perfumes, and the birds, terrified by our approach, fluttered among the branches which almost obstructed the path. The whole harbor of Boston with all its Islands, its castles, its pellucid waters, and white sails fluttering from the many vessels gliding on its bosom; was in full view and presented a most magnificent and delightful prospect. We alighted, and were met at the door, and welcomed by the young lady, with a cheerfulness and ease which denoted better days. Miss Emerson was no less charmed with her than myself; but we regretted to learn that her aunt was declining rapidly, and to all appearance the last rays of the taper of life were already glimmering in the socket. We soon returned; Miss Emerson having left a substantial proof of her benevolence, and her amiable disposition: My father, to whom Miss Emerson related the occurrences of the morning, was so interested; that he, as soon as was practicable, made them a visit himself; but he arrived only to witness the funeral obsequies of the kind aunt. While the procession, in which my father joined, was moving from the church to the place of burial, he learned from the officiating clergyman, who was an acquaintance of his, many particulars respecting the young lady who had so deeply enlisted the feelings and sympathies of us all. Her father, who was a respectable minister, lived in the western part of the State, where he was settled over a small but affectionate congregation. He had been there about three years, and his only child, Maria, was about two years old, when both he and his amiable wife were seized with a fatal disease, and the same grave received their remains on the 5th day after the first attack. The orphan, Maria, was as soon as possible, sent to reside with her only aunt, a maiden lady, in affluent circumstances, by whom, as soon as her age permitted, she was placed in one of the first boarding schools in the city, where she remained until about two years before the death of her aunt. At this time the failure of a mercantile house in whose hands near the whole of her property had been placed, reduced them to the depths of poverty. The kindness of their friends, and the needle of Maria prevented their suffering; but her aunt was unable to sustain the feelings such a change in her circumstances produced, and she gradually sunk to the grave, leaving Maria an unprotected and friendless orphan."

"What will become of her now, God only knows," added the clergyman, as he finished his short narration.

"She shall never want," replied my father, as they arrived at the gates of the little city of the dead, where the fresh mound of earth showed the "appointed habitation."

"If the girl is what she appears, she shall find at my house a home and a parent."

"God will bless you," rejoined the minister, "for befriending the amiable orphan."

"The procession stopped—the coffin was deposited in the sacred earth, and a prayer by the clergyman finished the impressive solemnity. Maria hung over the grave in speechless grief, as she saw the earth heaped upon the remains of the only relative who had been spared her in the wide world; and when the last green turf was placed on the little mound, she fainted, and was carried senseless to a neighboring house. When she had sufficiently recovered, the proposal of my father was made known to her by her venerable and esteemed friend, the minister, and accepted with a gratitude more eloquent than words. She left a spot where her morning of life had been spent in youthful happiness and innocence, and in a short time found herself at my father's door. What was my surprise, my rapture, at beholding him leave the carriage with the lovely creature, whom, of all others, I most wished to see, hanging upon his arm, and clinging to him as her only friend and protector. She entered the room, and was introduced to my mother as the Miss Rosewell, in whose favor Miss Emerson had so warmly interested herself.

"Edmond," said my father, as I entered the apartment, "this young lady you are to consider as your sister; you will be to her a brother." I took her hand—pressed it to my lips, and while her blushing countenance and eloquent eyes plainly informed me that she remembered our former interviews, I assured my father I should always feel a pleasure in complying with his wishes. Thus did our acquaintance commence. The amiable Maria became the delight of her numerous friends, the joy of my parents, and the admiration of the brilliant circles in which she moved—herself a splendid star. The impression that was made at our first interview was never obliterated, and the little STRAWBERRY GIRL became the adored mistress of this mansion. Never have I reflected on these singular occurrences without a feeling of gratitude to my Maker, who in this manner bestowed on me a treasure—which has made my life, one of continued sunshine and unalloyed happiness."

T. M.







King of Spain, in contravention of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws of Nations, and in violation of the instructions from the Government of the United States to him the said David Porter.

CHARGE 2d.

Insubordinate conduct, and conduct unbecoming an officer.

**SPECIFICATION 1st.**—For that he, the said David Porter, did write and transmit to the President of the United States, a letter of an insubordinate and disrespectful character, to wit, on the seventeenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five; and did also write and transmit to the Secretary of the Navy, at sundry times herein after particularly mentioned, various letters of an insubordinate and disrespectful character, viz:—on the thirtieth day of January, the sixteenth day of March, the thirteenth day of April, and the fourteenth day of June, all in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, thereby violating the respect due from every Officer in the Navy to the Head of the Department, impairing the discipline of the service, and setting a most dangerous and pernicious example.

**SPECIFICATION 2d.**—For that he, the said David Porter, after a Court of Inquiry had been convened and directed to investigate, and make report of the facts in relation to the matters embraced in the specification of the first charge, and after such Court had terminated its inquiries, and had transmitted its report to the Secretary of the Navy, and before the Executive had published or authorized the publication of the proceedings of said Court, did publish or cause to be published a pamphlet, purporting to contain the proceedings of the said Court of Inquiry.

**SPECIFICATION 3d.**—For that he, the said David Porter, in the publication, made as mentioned in the last preceding specification, did give an incorrect statement of the proceedings of the said Court of Inquiry.

**SPECIFICATION 4th.**—For that he, the said David Porter, did, in the publication referred to in the said two last preceding specifications, insert various remarks, statements, and insinuations not warranted by the facts, highly disrespectful to the Secretary of the Navy, and to the said Court of Inquiry.

**SPECIFICATION 5th.**—For that he, the said David Porter, did, in the same publication, refer to in the said last preceding specifications, without any authority, or permission for that purpose, make public, official communications to the Government; and official correspondence with the Government; and has on other occasions, between the first of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, and the fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, without authority or permission therefor, made public, orders and instructions from the Government, and official correspondence with the Government.

**ANOTHER COURT-MARTIAL** has been organized by the Secretary of the Navy, for the trial of Captain Stewart. The charges preferred against him are of the most flagrant kind, deeply involving the character of our Navy; and we hope for the credit of our country, they are without foundation. But should they be substantiated, may he receive that merited punishment due to such gross violations of the laws of Nations.

**TAKING THE VEIL.**—An interesting young lady, daughter of Capt. Jones of the Navy, has taken the veil at the Nunnery in Georgetown, (D. C.) How striking and melancholy the thought, that a young, lovely girl should shut herself out from the world, sequestered from its cares and deprived of its enjoyments! We cannot bestow many encomiums on the persons who put themselves beyond the reach of temptation in this way. Does virtue consist in basely shrinking from our duty, or trying to shun the evils and trials incident to life? Rather in bearing them. How shall a man's courage be known if it is not tried? Of what use would any faculty be to him if he did not use it? That person's virtue, who, assailed by the snares of temptation, and surrounded by the storms of adversity, calmly and boldly pursues his duty, shines most conspicuously.

**WATERVILLE COLLEGE.**—The Commencement at this College took place yesterday. Resident Graduates 2; Seniors 11; Juniors 7; Sophomores 18; Freshmen 19; and 9 Theological Students. The College is now in a flourishing condition and will, doubtless, add to the literary reputation of our State.

**MILITARY.**—Maj. Gen. STEPHEN BERRY of the 6th Division, has appointed the following gentlemen for his Staff:—Majors William Morse, Jun. of Waterford, and Ebenezer Emerson, of Denmark; Aid-de-camp:—Lieut. Col. Daniel Tyler, Jr. of Brownfield, Division Inspector—Major Charles Whitman, of Waterford, Division Quarter-Master—Major William K. Porter, of Turner, Judge Advocate.

At an Election held in this village on Friday last, by the Paris Rifle Company, Lieut. Ezra Tubbs was chosen Captain, in room of Capt. Francis Bemis, who is out of the State; Ensign Billings Fobes, Lieutenant, vice Tubbs promoted; and Mr. Solomon Hall, Ensign, vice Fobes promoted.

At an Election held at Stowell's Mills, on Saturday last, by the South Company in this town, Ensign John Millett was chosen Lieutenant, vice Lieut. Daniel Noble appointed Adjutant to the first Regiment in the first Brigade; and Mr. Stephen Robinson, Ensign, vice Millett promoted.

At an Election held in the North Company in this town, on Monday last, Lieut. Oren Gurney was chosen Captain, vice Alfred Andrews resigned; Ensign Ebenezer Drake, Lieutenant, vice Gurney promoted; and Mr. Chandler Cushman, Ensign, vice Drake promoted.

**ACCIDENT.**—Alvan Storor, of Weld, about eleven years of age, was killed very suddenly by the wheel of a cart passing over him, which was occasioned by the oxen to which it was attached being affrighted.

The various towns in this county, will recollect that a County Treasurer is to be chosen at the annual meeting in September. We presume there is no candidate in opposition to the present incumbent, who has, we believe, discharged the duties of the office to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery was drawn in Portland on Saturday last. A was the letter drawn; so that all tickets with A on them, are prizes.

## Communications.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON.—As the time is near at hand when the inhabitants of this town will meet to elect a Representative to the next Legislature, you will oblige me by communicating through the Observer, the name of GEN. LEVI HUBBARD as a Candidate for that office. We all know him to be a man who has sworn allegiance to his country—He never traded with the British at Castine, during the war—He never has sworn that the best land in Paris was not worth more than one dollar per acre, in order to benefit himself—He has never persecuted his neighbor for trespass, and the elders and deacons of the Church been called to settle it, and found guilty by them—He has never attempted to purchase the votes of the people with new ruin—Nor has he fought with his relations until the blood run, after he professed to be renewed by divine grace. Z. Y. X. Paris, Aug. 31, 1825.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON.—If you imagine the following description of the river Mississippi, together with the climate in that meridian, which is extracted from a letter written by a gentleman residing on its banks, will give interest to the Observer, it is at your disposal. C. M.

"It has become necessary even now, (February 28, 1825,) to observe some precaution with regard to my health. The sun is now approaching the vernal equinox; its meridian altitude for this place is very little different from that in Maine on the first of April; And if we suppose its influence there to be counteracted by the cool breezes from the lakes, we may calculate it is about as warm here at this time as in Maine in the month of May. The thermometer to-day stands at 75°. The gardens are in a high state of forwardness. Fresh salads may be had here at almost any season of the year. Carrots, beets and some other vegetables are nearly half grown. Cabbages, turnips and mustard are going to seed. Strawberries are in full bloom, as well as a great variety of fruit and plum trees. The deep green foliage of the forest is rapidly putting forth: The air is perfumed with the richest fragrance, and every thing wears the appearance of the most lively vegetation. It is delightful to walk on the banks of the Mississippi, and contemplate its proud waves, rolling majestically along, on a level with the adjacent plain. It is worthy of remark, that the steam-boats navigating the River in the night time, with their cabin-windows lighted up, exhibit much the appearance of small floating villages. There is one season of the year when its proud waves seem un mindful of that Almighty Fiat, which hath decreed that "thus far shalt thou come and no farther," and aspire at universal dominion. It is then that they are only restrained within their channel, by an artificial barrier, called a Levee, erected by human hands on both sides of the river, for more than two hundred miles from its mouth. It is not uncommon in the months of May and June, for its waters to remain eighteen or twenty inches above its own banks; and what is equally incredible, the land falls off from both sides of the river. It is navigable for ships of the greatest burden, but owing to the strength of the current, none but Steam-Boats go higher than New-Orleans. "It is said that one of the sons of Patrick, who had visited this country, was asked, on his return, if he saw any hills. "Faith and by Jesus," he replied, "I saw but one, and the biggest river in the world ran o'er the top on't." "This is strictly true; for all the water that falls from the Heavens runs from it on both sides, and in many places streams put out from it and never again return."

## Candidates for Senators.

For Cumberland County.—(Three to be chosen.)

Hon. JONATHAN PAGE,  
WILLIAM SWAN, Esq.  
JAMES TWITCHELL, Esq.  
Hon. ROBERT P. DUNLAP,  
Hon. JOSIAH DUNN, Jr.  
Hon. JAMES C. CHURCHILL.

For York County.—(Three to be chosen.)

Hon. JOSEPH PRIME,  
Hon. GEORGE SCAMMAN,  
NATHAN ELDEN, Esq.  
Hon. MARK DENNETT,  
DANIEL GOODENOW, Esq.  
Doct. MOSES SWETT.

For Kennebec County.—(Three to be chosen.)

THOMAS FRANCIS, Esq.  
Hon. JOSEPH SOUTHWICK,  
REUEL WILLIAMS, Esq.

For Lincoln County.—(Four to be chosen.)

Hon. JONAS WHEELER,  
Hon. STEPHEN PARSONS,  
Hon. JOSIAH STEBBINS,  
Hon. NATHANIEL GREEN,  
Hon. JOEL MILLET,  
HEZEKIAH PRINCE, Esq.  
ELEN D. ROBINSON, Esq.  
BENJAMIN RIGGS, Esq.  
NATHANIEL ROBBINS, Esq.  
PARKER MCCOBB, Esq.

For Hancock County.—(One to be chosen.)

Gen. EBENEZER WILLIAMS.

For Washington County.—(One to be chosen.)

Hon. JAMES CAMPBELL.

The Rev. Willard Preston, late of Providence, has accepted the appointment of President of the University of Vermont.

## Oxford Convention.

At a Convention of Republican Delegates from twenty-two towns in the County of Oxford, held at the Court-House in Paris on the 24th instant, agreeably to previous notice, the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER was chosen Chairman, and JARVIS S. KEITH, Secretary.

Voted, to recommend the  
Hon. CORNELIUS HOLLAND,  
of Canton—and  
JOSEPH HOWARD Esq.  
of Brownfield,

as suitable Candidates for SENATORS for said County, to be supported at the next election.

Voted, That the Convention approve of the nomination of  
ALBION K. PARRIS,

for the office of GOVERNOR.

Voted, That the proceedings of this Convention be published in the Oxford Observer and Eastern Argus.

BENJA. CHANDLER, Chairman.  
JARVIS S. KEITH, Secretary.  
August 24, 1825.

We are requested to give notice, that Rev. ALVAN DIMMORE will preach at the Meeting-house in this village on Sunday next, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

## THE ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE  
Paris Female Missionary Society  
Will meet at the house of CYRUS HAMLIN, Esq. in Paris, on the first Wednesday in September inst. at 2 o'clock, P. M.

The object of the Society being of a laudable and praise worthy character, it is hoped that females, who are not now members, will be induced to attend. Sept. 1, 1825.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.  
We have received a note from 'OLD BACHELOR,' in reply to the inquiries of 'ECONOMY,' stating that he has not yet entered upon his expedition, &c. We must be excused publishing it.

'K's' favor has been received; it will appear in our next.

'O. P.' in answer to 'C.' is received; it will be inserted next week. In the meantime we would suggest, that perhaps it might be as well to close the subject at present.

The constitution of the 'Oxford County Moral Society,' shall be published in our next.

## Married.

In Livermore, EZEKIEL HOLMES, M. D. Professor of Agriculture and Natural History in the Gardiner Lyceum, to Miss SARAH E. BENSON, of the former place. In Portland, Andrew L. Emerson, Esq. to Miss Mary J. G. Clapp, daughter of the Hon. Asa Clapp—Mr. Ebenezer Seaver to Miss Susan Harris, daughter of Hon. Mark Harris. In Bangor, Me. Rev. Lot Rider, Jr. of Monson, to Miss Sarah R. Edes, daughter of Peter E. Esq. of Baltimore.

## Died.

In this town, MARIA, aged one year and five months, youngest child of Deacon Daniel Stowell, Jr. My dying lamb—our Shepherd's arm, Upheld thy fainting head; And o'er thee Calvary's living balm Its pardoningunction shed. Then let me check frail Nature's tear, That dews thy lifeless clay; Though it was hard to lose thee, dear, 'Tis God who takes away.

In Richmond, (Verg.) EVANDER F. RAWSON, Esq. attorney at law in that place, and son of Abner Rawson, Esq. of this town.

## ATTORNEY AT LAW.

David R. Straw

HAS opened an office on BETHEL HILL. He respectfully tenders to his friends and the public his professional services. 60

## STRAY STEER.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, a brindle two-year old Steer, with a white face.—The owner is requested to come and take him away. DAVID CLIFFORD. 61

## COPY OF CERTIFICATE

OF HIRAM SWALLOW TO AXEL SPALDING.  
Buckfield, August 23, 1825.

I HEREBY acknowledge and certify that Mr. AXEL SPALDING, of said town, whom I have accused of being an accomplice with me in stealing money from Mr. ENOCH CROCKER, on the night of the 19th instant, is innocent; that he had no part or concern in the affair; that I was compelled, from a combination of peculiar circumstances, to implicate him when he was innocent—And I further certify that I planned, concerted, and carried into execution the crime without the aid or participation of any person—in presence of God and these witnesses.

Witness my hand and seal, this 23rd day of August, 1825.  
ELIPHALET PACKARD,  
ZADOC LONG,  
WILLIAM BRIDGHAM, Jr.  
JOHN SHAW,  
GEORGE BRIDGHAM,  
LEONARD SPALDING,  
WILLIAM COLE.

THE undersigned inhabitants of Buckfield, certify, that we believe Mr. AXEL SPALDING had no act, part, or concern in the theft committed on the night of the 19th instant.—Mr. Spalding has, from a child, sustained an unblemished, moral character; has transacted business for several persons in the Village; in every instance, has conducted with strict propriety, and still deservedly possesses our undiminished confidence and respect.

DANIEL CHASE, } Select'm of  
ARON PARSONS, } Buckfield.  
JOHN LORING,  
LUCIUS LORING,  
JOHN SHAW,  
JAMES JEWETT,  
ENOCH CROCKER,  
DOMINICUS RECORD,  
ZADOC LONG,  
NATHAN ATWOOD,  
ELIPHALET PACKARD,  
WILLIAM COLE,  
ENOCH HALL,  
WILLIAM BRIDGHAM, Jr.  
Buckfield, August 27, 1825. 61

## Almanack for 1826.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the gross, dozen or single, and  
MAINE FARMERS' ALMANACK,  
for the year of our Lord 1826.

—ALSO—  
Just received a fresh supply of Anderson's Cough Drops—a most valuable medicine for persons afflicted with a Cough or Consumptive complaints.  
Likewise—Dr. Reil's Asthmatic Pills and Bala-tanical Drops; Dean's Rheumatic Pills, &c.

## BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. Jacob JACKSON, and will carry on the

## BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS

in all its usual branches. Work of every description wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.  
CYRUS B. NORRIS.

Paris, July 16, 1825. 55 1/2

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Waterford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and parts of lots of Land, in Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824, town, state and county, and deficiency of highway tax, for the year 1823; as follows, viz:

Town.	No. Lot.	No. Range.	No. Area.	Value.	State Tax.	County Tax.	Highway Tax.	Total.
Unknown,	11	13	160	\$98	\$2.05	\$2.32	\$4.37	
Do.	11	12	160	64	1.34	1.52	2.86	
Do.	11	11	160	64	1.34	1.52	2.86	
Do.	8	11	160	25	0.53	0.00	0.53	
Do.	7	11	160	100	2.10	2.37	4.47	
Do.	12	1	160	23	0.48	0.54	1.02	
Do. W. part,	12	5	60	37	0.78	0.88	1.66	
Do.	4	8	160	127	2.67	3.02	5.69	
Do.	8	14	160	93	2.32	2.32		
Do.	9	13	160	75.	1.69	1.69		
Do.	12	9	160	98	2.32	2.32		
Do.	11	3	160	50	0.29	0.29		
Do.	1	10	160	62	0.36	0.36		
Do. N. part,	4	1	100	67	1.00	1.00		
Do. N. part,	6	7	16	50	0.54	0.54		
Do. W. part,	7	10	50	37	0.67	0.67		

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the twentieth day of September next, at nine o'clock, A. M. so much of each of said lots and parts of lots as will pay said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the house of the subscriber in said Waterford.

WM. MORSE, Jr. Collector of  
Waterford, for the year 1824.  
Waterford, Aug. 3, 1825. 61

## PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

CATHERINE BUTTERFIELD, late widow of ABNER BENSON, late of Paris, deceased, and Guardian to the heirs of said BENSON, having presented her first account of Guardianship of said Wards: ORDERED—That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.  
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 61

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

ON the petition of THOMAS CLARK, administrator on the estate of LEONARD PRATT, late of Paris, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of three hundred and nine dollars and eight cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock, A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 61

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

RUTH PARK administratrix on the estate of CLAREE PARK, late of Dixfield, deceased, having presented her second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield in said county, on the fourteenth day of September next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.  
A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 60

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of  
ASA HOIT,  
late of Weld, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and all those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to  
Weld, Aug. 28, 1825.



FOR THE OBSERVER.

Losses chequer life with sorrow,  
Rich to-day, we're poor to-morrow;  
Riches fly on golden pinions;  
Now they plume the meaneast minions;  
Diamonds dazzling once our chest,  
Glitter on the robber's breast;  
Ships which once our treasures landed,  
Now against the rocks are stranded:  
Lustres of the brightest eye,  
Faded away as years pass by;  
Flashes blown on beauty's cheek  
Trace of motion,--charms and glances,  
Vanish when old age advances;  
Senses, Reason, Youth, and prime  
Moulder in the wreck of time:  
Love and Joy, and Pride, Ambition,  
Swoon at life's last parting vision;  
Pomp and splendour, trophies, lays,  
Dissolve at Earth's last meteor-blaze;  
Fame embalm'd,--Honor's bloom  
Are nameless tenants in the tomb;  
Temples, towers, and thrones decay,  
Kingdoms vanish in a day;  
Crowns are tangles for the dust,  
Sceptred power in twain is burst;  
Doomed for Ruin's Charnel all,  
All enwrapped in Ruin's pall:  
All but SPIRITS pure for Heaven;  
Brighter hopes to these are given:  
Mountains melting--Earth dissolving,  
Oceans boiling--Spheres convolving,  
Time convulses--Systems rock;  
These withstand Creation's shock:  
These in endless bliss shall soar,  
Live, "when time shall be no more."

CIMON.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

FRANCES' TOMB.  
Here let me weep--here let my tears flow o'er the tomb  
That shades a lovely flower, blighted in its bloom,  
Too dear for earth her fleeting soul has fled,  
Death has consigned her with the awful dead.

Oh FRANCES! never will thy lovely image be forgot,  
Forever hallow'd shall be this cherished spot;  
Here on thy tomb, I'll shed the sacred tear,  
And believe thy pure spirit hovering near.

When the Companions of thy youth, the gay, the proud,  
Join in the festive dance, I will escape the crowd,  
To yon cemetery my willing feet shall stray, and there  
At thy tomb, will I pour forth my prayer.

And when grim Death thy summons shall impart,  
That to heal the sorrows of this bleeding heart,  
Our spirits mingling in the realms of bliss,  
Will praise the God, that snatch'd us from a world like this.

J. K. H.

THE QUARREL OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

When Love and Hymen both were boys,  
They fix'd a day of smiling weather,  
To show each other all their toys,  
And pass an afternoon together.

To Hymen's bower young Cupid came,  
And each with each was quick delighted;  
Love shot his darts of sweet aim,  
And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.

But Hymen soon, capricious elf,  
(Now Hymen's but a peevish fellow,)  
Told love he wished the bow himself,  
And then began to pout and bellow.

Love gave his friend the weapon straight,  
(Young Love is such a cheerful giver!)  
And thus, for Hymen's torch of state,  
Changed his best bow and fullest quiver.

While each his proper arms possess'd,  
Men neither could nor would resist 'em;  
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,  
And Cupid's arrows seldom miss'd 'em.

But changing thus their arms about,  
The boys became perplex'd and stupid;  
Love puts the torch of Hymen out,  
While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.

'Twas this dissolved their union sweet,  
And broke Affection's firmest tether:  
So now, if Love and Hymen meet,  
They seldom sojourn long together.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. EDITOR,--I do not recollect ever having seen  
the following Anecdote in print. It may, however,  
be relied on as substantially correct.

Yours, &c. UMBRA.

Some twelve or fourteen years ago, a man by the  
name of Johnson, who had from his birth lived in  
some town in the interior of New-Hampshire, became  
suddenly and unexpectedly possessed of a great  
estate. Thinking, probably, that "money makes the  
man," and of the "fellow," he looked upon his  
former associates and friends as mere villains, and there-  
fore determined to "remove to Boston." Having  
established himself with his family, in the Metropolis  
of Massachusetts, he felt and acted like every fool  
who carries his riches to his purse. One day, with  
ivory-headed ears and beaver gloves, he went to old  
Lambert-Hall Market to purchase a dinner. Having  
purchased his fat turkey, and with a great display  
of silver, paid for it, he looked round and made in-  
quiry for a "man" to carry it home; seeing a person,  
with some provision in his hand, and concluding, of  
course, he must be some gentleman's servant, told him  
if he would carry his turkey home, he would pay him  
for it. "Certainly," said the person, "I will carry it  
to your house for a trifle." The "would-be-great  
man," with head erect and precise step, strutted  
along a few paces in front of the supposed menial,  
till they arrived, after passing through the back ave-  
nue, to the kitchen, where he desired the turkey to  
be laid upon the table. This done, he demanded,  
"How much do you ask for this?" "Ninapence, Sir,"  
was the reply, accompanied with a very low obeisance.  
"and, Sir, should you wish for any jobs of the kind  
hereafter, I shall frequently be in and about the market,  
and can serve you at almost any time." "Who  
shall I ask for?" "O, inquire for ELLIS GRAY. I am  
pretty universally known in Boston I believe." The  
autumn was thunder-struck, stood a moment as if  
petrified, then very incoherently, asked the Hon. Mr.  
Gray's forgiveness and retired in the greatest con-  
fusion imaginable.

CAME

Is the lot of humanity; and he that aspires to  
greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one  
who throws himself into a furnace, to avoid the  
baking of an ague.

AFFECTING STORY.

Some time ago, a young man took up his residence  
in a Scottish village, much celebrated for its deligh-  
tful situation and mineral waters. During his stay,  
he succeeded in gaining the affections of a very  
amiable young girl, daughter of the person with  
whom he lodged. He told her he was a young-  
er branch of a most respectable family in the north  
of Scotland, and that, owing to some domestic mis-  
fortunes, he was then in a kind of exile from his fa-  
ther's house, almost without the means of subsistence.  
By this representation, he had the address to draw  
money, to a considerable amount, from the affec-  
tionate and trusting girl. At length, pretending illness  
of a particular nature called him away, he took leave,  
solemnly pledging to return in a few weeks and make  
her his wife. About three months after his departure  
a letter was delivered to her, dated from a jail in the  
south of Scotland. It proved to be from her lover,  
and stated, that, a short time after leaving her, he  
had from necessity contracted a trifling debt, which,  
being unable to pay, he had been thrown into prison,  
at the same time entreating her, as she valued his re-  
gard, to relieve him from a situation so unworthy of  
his family and prospects. The faithful girl, listening  
only to the dictates of her love, set off immediately  
with all the money she could procure, to give him  
the strength of her attachment. In an judicious  
season, through a country with which she was unac-  
quainted--weary and dispirited, she at length reach-  
ed the place of her destination;--with slow and fee-  
ble step she proceeded upwards in the principal street  
leading to the market-place, but found it impossible  
to advance farther, owing to an immense crowd of  
people who had gathered together to witness the pun-  
ishment of a criminal for some infringement on the  
laws of his country. In order to avoid the pressure,  
she stepped on the stairs leading to a draper's shop,  
and involuntarily turning her eyes upon the poor  
wretch who was writhing under the lash of the mer-  
ciless executioner, beheld, with feelings not to be ex-  
pressed, the object of her tender solicitude and love.  
Nor was this all: A large placard was placed upon  
his breast, intimating that the punishment he was  
then suffering was for the crime of theft. A piercing  
shriek told the agony of her bosom to the surrounding  
multitude, as in a state of insensibility she sank into  
the arms of one of the by-standers. The sympathy  
and care of strangers was not wanting, but though  
these recovered her from her swoon, yet reason again  
never dawned on her mind; and at this moment, she  
is to be seen wandering in her native village, the pit-  
y of all who knew her, and an affecting instance of the  
basest villainy triumphing over unsuspecting inno-  
cence.

REYNOLDS THE PHILANTHROPIST.

A lady applied to him on behalf of an orphan. Af-  
ter he had given liberally, she said, "when he is old  
enough I will teach him to name and thank his bene-  
factor." "Stop," said the good man, "thou art mis-  
taken; we do not thank the clouds for the rain; we  
thank him to look higher, and thank him who giveth  
both the clouds and the rain."

The following act of princely liberality is recorded  
by a friend concerning the same gentleman:--When  
Mr. Reynolds resided at Coolbrook Dale, in the year  
1765, he addressed a letter to some friends in London,  
stating the impressions made on his mind by the dis-  
tresses of the community, and desiring them to draw  
upon him for such sums as they thought proper. They  
complied with his request, and drew in a very short  
time to the extent of eleven thousand pounds. It  
appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due  
measures of his liberality; for in the course of a few  
months he again wrote, stating that his mind was not  
easy, and his coffers were still too full. In conse-  
quence of which they drew for nine thousand pounds  
more.

GENIUS AND TRADE.

The following list contains the names of eminent  
persons who have been concerned in or connected  
with trade:

Akenside, son of a butcher--Bloomfield, a shoema-  
ker--Boccaccio, natural son of a merchant--Bonner,  
(Bishop), a peasant--Bunyan, a tinker--Burns, a  
ploughman--Butler, a farmer--Cervantes, a common  
soldier--Chatterton, an attorney's clerk--Chaucer,  
son of a merchant--Churchill, cider-presser--Clibber,  
son of a sculptor--Claude Lorrain, a pastry cook--  
Collins, son of a hatter--Columbus, a wool stapler--  
Crowley, son of a grocer--Cromwell, son of a brewer--  
De la Motte, son of an innkeeper--De Foe, he is  
son of a butcher--Demosthenes, son of a sword maker--  
Falconer, grandson of a physician--Euripides, son  
of a grocer--Falconer, son of a barber--Fox,  
(the), a shoemaker--Franklin, a journeyman printer--  
Gifford, a shoemaker--Gray, son of a scrivener--  
Howard, an apprentice to a grocer--Hume, a mer-  
chant's clerk--Jones, (Inigo), a journeyman carpenter--  
Johnson, (Samuel), son of a Bookseller--Johnson,  
(Benjamin), bricklayer--Kooli Khan, son of a sheep-  
herd--Lillo, a jeweller--Luther, (Martin), a miner--  
Machomet, a camel driver--Milton, son of a scrivener--  
Mollereau, of a tapestry maker--Moore, (E.), a linen  
draper--Pope, (Mat.) son of a joiner--Rabelais, an  
author--Rittenhouse, a watchmaker--Ramsay,  
(Alan), a barber--Richardson, a printer--Rousseau,  
son of a collier--Shakespeare, son of a wool stapler--  
Snollett, a surgeon--Tamerlane, son of a shepherd--  
Tillotson, son of a weaver--Virgil, son of a pedlar--  
Walton, (Izaak), a linen draper--Watts, son of a  
shoemaker--Wilson, the Ophthalmologist, apprentice to a  
weaver--Wolsey, son of a farmer--Zimmerman, a  
physician.

There is a man residing in Pottsgrove township,  
(Penn.) named Henry Hatfield, who has been blind  
from his youth, caused by the small-pox; he is a very  
respectable citizen, and a few years ago purchased a  
tract of land, and now keeps a public house; he is  
married and has several children. Besides keeping  
a public house for a livelihood, he makes baskets of  
all sizes and descriptions, of a superior quality. What  
is most singular with him, he will go alone, as far as  
six miles from his home, with his axe, into a large wood  
where he will single out saplings or small trees, such  
as will answer his purpose of making splints, &c.; he  
will cut them down into such lengths as will suit;  
he will then hide his axe in the leaves or branches he  
may meet with, and start off to a neighboring farmer,  
employ his wagon and horses to haul his wood home,  
and then return and take his axe from the place  
where he had concealed it; this he will do without a  
living soul near him. This information we have  
from persons who have often seen him do the like.  
We ourselves have repeatedly seen him a considera-  
ble distance from home, travelling in the public road,  
and asked him if he knew where he was, and which  
way he was going; he has always answered correctly.  
His neighbors and acquaintances he recognizes as  
soon as spoken to. He is the best performer on the  
violin in these parts, and can keep the instrument in  
as good order as any other person. He is a subscri-  
ber of ours, and very often calls himself at the office,  
to receive his paper.

Quintessence.--A clergyman of Massachusetts  
(says Mr. Tudor) being in the habit of preach-  
ing sermons that had no connexion with his  
texts, one of his parishioners observed, that  
"if his sermon had the small-pox, his text could  
not catch it."

AND GOD FOLLOW.

Your odd fellow is one who will do nothing like  
the rest of the world. There was, a few years ago, a  
remarkable illustration of this character in one W.,  
a man of a small independent fortune, who lived in  
the borough of Southwark, (Eng.) This man acted  
wholly upon the principles of contradiction; on a  
Sunday he always wore the worst clothes he had, and  
fed on the worst food he could get, because others eat  
and wore the best. On a Monday, because it is a kind  
of a holiday, he used to employ himself in some sort  
of work from morning till night; the rest of the week  
he kept holiday, dressing himself just decent on a  
Tuesday, better on a Wednesday, better still on Thurs-  
day, and so on till Saturday evening, when other peo-  
ple were busy and undressed, he was the idlest and  
best dressed man in the parish; he used to make a  
point of dining on a goose on Shrove Tuesday, and on  
pancakes on Michaelmas day; he fed upon oysters as  
long as the weather continued hot, but left off eating  
them as soon as there was an *r* in the month; he  
almost starved himself on Christmas day; and eat  
like a glutton when there was a public proclamation  
for a fast; when it rained hard he went without wait-  
coat or great coat, but would button himself up close  
and warm the coldest day in summer; he wrote with  
skewer cut into the form of a pen, and fastened his  
letters with paste; he constantly sat on a table and  
eat off a chair; he slept in his kitchen, breakfasted  
in his garret, dined in the cellar, and eat his supper  
all the year round in the passage leading to the  
street door; he married three wives and lived with  
neither of them; he would frequently pay a water-  
man to take his boat and attend him on the banks of  
the Thames, but never got into it; and once a month  
he hired a coach, but always rode with the coach-  
man; he sometimes called for a pot of punch at an ale  
house, and always drank it at the door; he shaved  
himself with a pen-knife, and made his pen with  
a razor; he combed his wig with a clothbrush; he  
sometimes went to church and staid the whole  
time of service, but never sat down--when in compa-  
ny he never spoke a word, but when alone he was  
always talking to himself; when he was sick he sent  
for the butcher, but often when in good health he con-  
sulted the apothecary; he paid his house rent in the  
middle of the quarter, and always before it became  
due; when he died he owed no man a shilling, and  
took sufficient care that no man should owe him six-  
pence.

THE BREECHES AND THE MAIL BAG.

A curious occurrence took place some time since  
in Hertfordshire, about twenty-five miles from Lon-  
don. The keeper of the Post-Office on the great  
Northern Road, who was in the habit of sleeping in  
a room so much elevated above the road as to enable  
him to hand out of the window the Post-Bag to the  
Guard of the Mail, had gone to bed at an early hour,  
according to custom. At half past three o'clock in  
the morning he was half awakened out of a heavy  
sleep by the well-known sound of the horn. He turned  
out of his bed mechanically, and handed out what  
he supposed to be his letter bag to the guard of the  
mail, who threw what he received, without looking  
very closely at it, into the receptacle. The coach  
proceeded to town without delay, and the Post-Office  
keeper resumed his sleep, in which he indulged until  
his wife, who rose at five o'clock, found it necessary  
to disturb him in consequence of missing his breeches,  
which he was in the habit of keeping on a chair  
next to the bed and in which the greater part of the  
receipts of the day were contained. His wig and  
other things were also missing. The first thing that  
suggested itself to both was that some thieves must  
have got in at the window, which they used, for the  
reason above stated to leave unfurnished during the  
night. The good woman, however, upon looking  
under the bolster, found, to the astonishment of both,  
the letter bag, which should have been within a few  
miles of London at the time. The absence of the  
breeches was then fully accounted for. The owner  
fancied that the only safe place in the house was be-  
tween the bolster and the bed.

On this occasion he had mistaken the letter bag,  
which, as well as his breeches, was made of leather,  
for his property, and placed it in the same spot. The  
guard, who it appears was satisfied with feeling, that  
what he had got was leather, took no notice of the  
extraordinary shape of the new letter bag, and was  
overwhelmed with surprise at finding, upon his arrival  
at London, that the first thing he laid his hand  
upon, in rummaging for the most valuable contents of  
the coach was a pair of old leather breeches, con-  
taining an old pair of drawers, a pair of black worsted  
stockings, a collar, a wig, and a pair of double  
sole shoes. He had, however, scarcely examined this  
precious deposit, when a messenger arrived in  
unwonted haste, from the Post-Office keeper, with  
the bag, which the guard very willingly received in  
exchange for the breeches.

FACTIVOCAL POLITENESS.--The Count de Lauragan  
driving one day through Paris in a hack, was obliged  
to stop in a narrow street, by a handsome carriage  
which met him in it, and in which were seated the  
President E. and his lady. The President called out  
to the coachman to back--the Count bid him not budge,  
and asked the President what was his character in  
Paris to give such orders? Madame de B. who was  
sitting next to him, put her head out of the window, and  
cried to the Count, "Why don't you practise the po-  
liteness you preach?" "Madame," replied the Count,  
"I beg your pardon a thousand times--if you had  
seen yourself a little sooner, the coachman, the hor-  
se, myself, and all the equipage, would have fallen  
back."

An old revolutionary pensioner, whose name has  
been stricken from the roll on account of his prop-  
erty, and who has tried in vain to have it restored, lat-  
ely applied to an attorney for assistance; he told him,  
in his wrath, he was determined to sue the obligation.  
He said he was not certain which ought to be sued,  
the President or Mr. Calhoun, but he supposed the  
action could be brought before the Prince Regent of  
England.

A young man, who was paying his addresses  
to an Irish girl, had gained so far on her affec-  
tions that she had consented to attend him to the  
temple of Hymen, when some economical fears  
arose in his breast which cooled the flame Cupid  
had kindled; he therefore waited on his desti-  
ned bride and began to talk of hard times, house-  
hold expenses, &c. till her patience being ex-  
hausted, she very politely turned him out of the  
house. Her mistress, hearing the noise, called  
to know what it was. "Nothing, madam," re-  
plied she, "but kicking the cares of the world  
out of doors."

A native of Ulster, relating to his friend  
the dangers and difficulties he had undergone,  
both by sea and land, speaks thus to him, with  
great seriousness: I believe, in my soul, John,  
that I have suffered every thing that man fears  
but death; and I expect, if I shall live, to suffer  
that also.

An Irishman and a Yankee met at a tavern  
and there was but one bed for them. On retir-  
ing, the Yankee said he did not care which side  
of the bed he took,--"Then," said Pat, "you  
may take the under side."

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of Sessions  
begun and holden at Paris, within and for the  
County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June,  
Anno Domini eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

THE undersigned proprietors of Township number-  
ed Two in said County of Oxford, respectively  
represent, that the Road formerly laid out by order of  
the Court of Sessions for said County of Oxford, ter-  
minating at the dwelling-house of WILLIAM MONROE,  
in Rumsford, and running through said township,  
and ending at the dwelling-house of BARNABAS ROWE,  
in Sumner, is not necessary to accommodate the pub-  
lic; that the settlers on said land, do but in very few  
instances own their land, and are liable soon to be re-  
moved, and, of course, that said road cannot be ne-  
cessary for their accommodation, and, if necessary,  
ought not to be made at the expense of the prop-  
rietors; they further represent, that said road cannot be  
put in any tolerable state of repair short of a tax almost  
equivalent to a total abandonment of the soil--They  
therefore respectfully pray your Honors that so much  
of said road, as is situated in said township, num-  
bered Two, may be discontinued, and as in duty bound  
will ever pray.

THOMAS L. WINTHROP, Esq.  
LEVI WHITMAN, Attorney,  
JOHN THOMPSON.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.

Court of Sessions, June Term, A. D. 1825.  
On the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the stand-  
ing Committee of the County, be appointed at the  
expense of the Petitioners to view the aforesaid road,  
and that said petitioners give notice of the same to  
the inhabitants of said towns of Sumner and Rumsford,  
by serving on the respective Clerks of said towns, a  
copy of said petition, and of this order of Court there-  
on, thirty days at least before the next term of this  
Court--and likewise, by publishing said petition and  
order three weeks successively, in the Oxford Observer,  
the last publication to be three weeks before the next  
term of this Court, to be holden at Paris, in and for  
said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of Oc-  
tober next, that all persons interested may then ap-  
pear and shew cause, if any they have why the  
prayer thereof should not be granted. The Court  
further order, that proceedings be stayed as to the  
sale of Township No 2, for the payment of a tax  
assessed on said Township at the last Term of this  
Court, on the petition of James H. Withington and  
others.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.  
Copy attested: R. K. GOODENOW, Clk.

CABINET-MAKER'S STAND  
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being about to remove to Portland,  
offers for sale his very choice STAND for a Cab-  
inet-Maker; pleasantly situated in the upper village, in  
the town of Waterford. He has occupied the Stand  
about four years, and has always found ready sale for  
his work; but circumstances now induce him to leave  
it. The property consists of about three quarters of  
an acre of excellent LAND, on which is a convenient  
Cabinet-Maker's Shop, with necessary appurtenances.  
He will sell the same cheap for cash or approved  
credit.

He has also a large assortment and variety  
of ready made

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,  
made as custom work, faithfully, and of the best ma-  
terials; some of which is very elegant, consisting of  
MARIAGNY, BRASS, MARBLE, and IRON BUREAUX,  
CHAIRS, TABLES, BEDSTEADS, &c.; all of which  
he will sell very cheap as above.

EDWARD CARLETON.  
Waterford, August 22, 1825. 60

FOR SALE.

CENTRALLY situated in Turner Village, about one  
half acre of LAND, lying between the main road  
running through said Village and Twenty Mile River--  
Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING  
HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LARGO  
STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL or  
WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any me-  
chanic, being the centre of the town, and situated  
near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-  
machine, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good  
stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would  
do well to call and see for themselves; and as the  
subscriber is about closing his business to remove  
from town, they may depend upon very fair terms  
and pay made easy. Those who calculate to pur-  
chase, are wished to call before the first of October,  
as the property if not sold before that time, will be  
disposed of in a different manner.

ISAAC BONNEY, 2d.  
Turner Village, August 6, 1825. 61 55

FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD ON THE PREMISES,  
EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER NEXT,  
A GOOD and spacious FARM, situated in the  
northern part of Dixfield, containing about one  
hundred and fifty acres of EXCELLENT LAND, a large  
proportion of which is under good improvement--a  
young, but thrifty ORCHARD of about two hundred  
Apple Trees; some of which now bear--also from  
twenty to thirty tons of HAY--plenty of PASTURE of  
the best quality--a new and convenient HOUSE, well  
finished--an AGRICULTURE of WARREN conveyed into  
the house--a good BARN, about thirty and forty. Said  
Farm is situated about three fourths of a mile from  
the District School-house. Terms of sale, favorable  
to the purchaser. For further particulars inquire of  
SILAS BARNARD, or PHILIP ABBOTT, Jr.,  
in said Dixfield.

Dixfield, August 13, 1825. 62 53

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Building,  
has just received a consignment of Machine  
Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Lit-  
tleson, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.  
Orders for any quantity executed at short no-  
tice. Portland, Feb. 15, 1824--63 31

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY  
ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, pay-  
able semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid,  
but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on  
the usual terms.  
Of 50 All letters, addressed to the publisher, (if not  
be post paid.)  
The Publisher deems it expedient to give no-  
tice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be liter-  
ally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for  
any error in any advertisement beyond the amount  
charged for its insertion.



VOLUME II.]

THE B

"I would

What is there here,  
Beyond the time all  
Our life, what is it,  
Of want, of woe, and  
Th' immortal soul  
On earth's vain, shod  
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